

Left Behind

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Tragedy

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-11-07 05:22:58

Updated: 2011-11-07 05:22:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:45:11

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,939

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Reach is finish, but the Covenant are still searching for something. Two marines were left behind and they're the only ones standing between the aliens and what they're searching for.

Left Behind

Alone

Authors note: I wrote this quick one-shot to examine other aspects of the marines while also writing an entertaining and enjoyable story. I hope you like it and please write a review on whether you like it or not, and why.

"Lieutenant, you don't think they left us out here, do you?"

"Johnson, I don't think anybody is going to come back for us."

The two marines walked to the edge of the ridge. The Covenant had glassed half the planet but insisted on trying to find something. Their excavations echoed through the mountain range. Johnson cradled his DMR as the Covenant continued their digging below.

"Lieutenant what are we gonna do."

"Just call me Sarah, Johnson. I don't think rank means anything without the UNSC around."

"Fine Sarah, call me Roger then."

"Agreed, now let's move over to that set of rocks and engage the enemy. What do we have in the way of weapons?"

"You have your rifle; we have about a hundred rounds for that. I've got a rocket launcher with twelve rockets, plus standard rifles and

grenades. I don't think we can move the warthog though. It got pretty well destroyed by the Banshee."

"Alright, we'll just have to make a couple of trips; we have a good angle looking down on them from over there so let's just move everything down there." The marines took several trips moving the arms down the rocky surface. They were lucky not to fall several times and by the time everything was in position it was night time.

"Alright we'll stay here for the night. Anything you want to do on quite possibly the last night of your life?"

"Yeah, sleep." Sarah smirked as the private laid down against a flat rock and dozed off instantly. She watched him for several minutes before her eyelids became heavy and sleep enveloped her. The night was uneventful as the soldiers slept silently before they attacked the aliens below.

Morning came and the sun rose, blinding the soldiers as they awoke. They stretched and loaded their weapons they placed the weapons against the rocks they planned to be hiding by and grabbed their opening weapons. Roger had his rocket launcher and DMR, Sarah had her sniper and DMR as well. The two of them crawled onto the ridge below their camp and got ready for the coming battle. They were lucky in that as the day progressed the Covenant would be fighting uphill into the sun.

"Alright, Roger take out the supports to their excavating tunnel. That should trap the miners inside and halt their operation. Then leave the rockets alone until they bring in the armor."

"I hear you. Firing on my mark. Three. Two. One. Mark." The rocket fired leaving a trail of smoke as it whistled across the canyon to the tunnel entrance. The missile stuck home and the mountain shook as the tunnel collapsed, burying anyone inside. The Covenant who were outside immediately grabbed their weapons and turned in the direction the rocket had come from.

"Brute leader on the digger."

"Got him." A crack sounded across the canyon as Sarah fired her rifle taking the brute's head clean off.

"Nice shot. Spec ops at eleven o'clock. They've got jet packs." Sure enough the brutes took off jumping towards the ridge. Each one was individually taken out. Sarah methodically reloaded the rifle and sighted back in on her targets. Not one of the spec ops made it to half way up the hill. She knocked the next clip against her helmet knocking out any dirt that may have got lodged in the magazine.

"Grunts and jackals moving up the right flank, you're gonna want to save your sniper ammo." Roger scoped in on the infantry slowly climbing the hill. He started from the left taking out any grunts who were brave enough to stick their heads out from behind the rocks below. Sarah placed her sniper next to her and switched to the DMR. The two of them simultaneously taking out any on the Covenant who attempted to ascend the slope.

A roar sounded through the canyon as three phantoms flew overhead and landed by the digger. A score of brutes and dozens of grunts hopped out of the dropships. The ape creatures bellowed orders to the lower infantry. Sarah switched back to the sniper to take out the leadership element. She fired a round that punctured the Brute chieftain's chest. The ape collapsed, but amazingly survived. It took cover behind a crate as Sarah targeted the other brutes. She only missed once because one of the grunts shot the ridge just in front of where she was shooting from.

"Sorry there are a lot of them down there." Roger apologized as he took out the offending soldier.

"Don't worry about it just keep them at bay." The two of them continued to hold off the infantry often switching targets to throw off the enemy.

"Another one, I got twelve."

"Hey I haven't been keeping count that's not fair."

"Maybe you should think about that next time." Roger replied laughing as he took out another grunt. "Thirteen."

Sarah fired five rounds in quick succession. "Ha triple kill. Extra points for me."

"There's no such thing as extra points. It's just kills. Points would be too hard to keep track of." Roger whined and shot a grunt whose methane tank ruptured sending the poor beast flying through the air before he exploded killing several of his compatriots hiding behind a rock. Silence settled over the canyon as the fighting ended. Nearly a hundred dead soldiers littered the rocky floor below them.

"Come on let's see if we can find anything of value down there." Sarah climbed down the rocky slope as the sun dipped behind the mountains signaling the end of the day. They were certain that the covenant wouldn't attack until the next morning. When they reached the bottoms they studied the gore that they had created. Blood ran like rivers down toward the bottom of the mountain range. The two marines grabbed plasma grenades and began the trek back up the mountainside.

The two marines turned around at the sound of rocks sliding below them. The brute that Sarah had shot in the chest was ascending the slope behind them quickly. Roger threw a plasma grenade down at the charging brute. He had forgotten to activate the grenade and it struck the ape in the head causing it to stagger a bit. Roger dropped the grenades he had grabbed and pulled out his pistol and shot the chieftain in the head. The dead beast fell onto Sarah's feet, pinning her to the incline. Roger descended back down the slope and helped roll the ape off the lieutenant.

Together they climbed the slope and went back to their camp. They set their weapons down and laid next to each other, exhausted from their day's effort. Roger admired the lieutenant's blonde locks. She was still breathing heavily from the climb.

"Lieutenant you look like you've been through hell."

"Roger, I asked you not to call me that, and in response to your statement, I feel like I have." They both shared a laugh as they drifted from consciousness; tired from the days exertions.

The next day came all too quickly and the Covenant weren't going to wait for them to get ready. They awoke to the sound of the dropships coming overhead. Thankfully they had created a hide and were hidden from overhead sight. The dropships dropped several Elites and a hunter pair next to the digger. The Elites surveyed the carnage as the two marines descended to their ridge. Sarah had her sniper ready and had already picked several targets. The Elites had forgotten that there could be a remaining threat and were surprised when their leaders head disappeared in a shower of blood and brain matter.

Sarah had a clip empty and was reloaded before the Elites even identified where the shots were coming from. The Elites order the hunters up the slope. The lumbering beast made their way to the base of the slope. Roger grabbed the rocket launcher and went to fire on the pair below. They launched a fuel rod shot at the marines and it caused roger to drop the launcher down the slope. He watched them tumble and looked on in dismay. Then he noticed the hunters walk where he had dropped the plasmas from the last night. He pointed it out to Sarah who shot the pile of explosives. The explosion launched the bodies of the two behemoths halfway up the slope.

The Elites growled in anger and charged up the slope. The two marines had already decided on a strategy that made it very difficult for the remaining elites to even get close. Sarah would shoot the Elites and take out their shields and Roger would finish them off with a head shot. The marines methodically eliminated the remaining Elite and waited for the next wave.

"You know I think at this rate we'll be able to take on the entire covenant army." Roger joked as the two of the waited silently. They were already near the point of exhaustion, if it wasn't for the adrenaline they would be passed out on the rocks. "You want something to eat?" Roger asked handing the lieutenant a sandwich.

"Where the hell'd you get this?"

"I made them before we left camp. I figured that it would be something good to eat for our last battle on reach. I hadn't figured it be my last fight ever though. Good thing I stole the good stuff from them I guess." The two of them ate silently the weight of the situation bearing down on them mentally. They knew it was only a matter of time before they would be overrun by an enemy that outnumbered them a million to one. The day passed slowly and they only had to face and wandering patrol that had accidentally got itself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The two marines ascended the slope back to camp. The two of them leaded up against the most comfortable rock they could find and huddled close together. They watched the star above them as sleep met them almost immediately. The two soldiers were a mess of dirt and sweat, but at this point that was the last thing on their minds. The night rolled past too fast yet again. This time the marines awoke before any covenant soldiers arrived at the site.

Roger slowly descended the slope and grabbed his rocket launcher. As

he was climbing back up the phantoms flew by and fired at him. The ground below him was loosened by the explosions and he tumbled down the slope and landed with a thud on an outcropping of rock.

"Roger!" Sarah started to come down after him.

"No! Stay up there. I'll make my way back up. Cover me." Roger waited for the phantoms to fly away before he climbed the slope once again. This time it was much slower going. His side was bothering him and he was certain that he had dislodged his shoulder. He flinched as he heard the telltale sound of a wraith firing its main cannon. Thankfully it didn't have the range to reach up to the ridge he and Sarah were using as defense.

Roger didn't want to take any chances though and he fired his pair of rockets at the tank that had not noticed him lower on the slope. The armored vehicle exploded dazzling on lookers with a bright bluish purple light. The grunts too close to it were fried by the extreme heat that was created by the explosion.

Sarah took out the Elites that were attempting to take out Roger before he could destroy the wraith. Roger climbed the rest of the way up the face of the mountain and fell down beside the lieutenant. She took out several more Elites before they started being more careful coming up the slope. She managed to take out another squad of elites and a field marshal before the moral draining click sounded.

"Shit, I'm out."

"Just concentrate fire on the same Elite we'll take 'em down." The two soldiers were for the minutes that followed, expert marksmen. They synchronized their shots and the Elite were kept at bay. It wasn't long before they were low on ammo with their rifles as well. Roger hefted the rocket launcher once again and fired at a rock which the Elites were hiding behind. The giant boulder collapsed crushing the aliens that were using it as a shield.

The canyon fell silent once again as the fighting had finally stopped. The blood flowed freely yet again. The two marines examined the carnage below them. Sarah turned to examine her friend's wounds. He had several scratches on his face and he had a light burn on his side. She took out her med kit and applied treatment to the burn.

"You're going to want to stay occupied for a second."

"Hey you know the painted desert. They could call this the painted canyon from all the different colors of blood down there. Why do I need. OWWWWW." Roger howled in pain as Sarah forced his shoulder back into place. She gave him a shot of painkiller.

"Suck it up you big baby." She teased him.

"Easy for you to say you didn't just fall thirty feet down a mountain." They smiled at each other before climbing the mountain for what they knew would be the last time. They checked the ammo they had and made sure that all their guns were loaded before lying against their favorite rock. Sarah brushed her fingers along the cuts Roger had on his face. He looked into her eyes looking for what she wanted inside the deep blue orbs.

He found it as he moved closer and put his lips on hers. The two of them held together in the moment. They broke apart and held each other close. The smiles frozen on their faces as sleep over took them.

The morning came and the two of them descended from their camp. Two rockets, four clips for the DMRs and two mags apiece for their side arms, plus a shotgun with two shells that was leftover from the last battle they had engaged in.

"You ready."

"Ready as I'll ever be." They moved their determined gazes to the horizon as a dropship and two banshees flew down the mountain range. Roger locked onto the first banshee and fired the missile struck the aircraft directly in the nose. It penetrated several feet before exploding showering the floor of the mountain range with debris.

He locked onto the second banshee and fired. The missile had other plans and went directly into the side of the dropship. It coughed smoke but stayed airborne long enough to drop off four Zealot class Elites. The two marines grabbed their machine guns and unloaded on the oncoming aircraft. It started smoking, but continued after them. It fired its plasma turrets at the marines; the ground hissed and sizzled as the plasma superheated the ground around the marines.

Sarah had already reloaded and emptied her bullets into the banshee. The vehicle exploded and a large piece of debris fell and crushed one of the Elites. The other three continued up the slope undeterred by the humans above them. The two marines switched to their rifles and started firing on the lead elite. Its shields dropped and it fell from the hail of gun fire. They turned their attention to the next one, but the one in the rear fired its needler rifle. The needle struck Sarah in the chest. Roger caught her as she fell and laid her gently on the ground.

"You're gonna be alright." He choked as the tears flowed down his face, knowing that it wasn't true. He gave her a shot of painkiller before turning to face the elite that had made it up the slope. He pointed his shotgun at the beast and fired its shields flickered and died but before he could finish it, the alien closed the gap and knocked the gun from his hands.

"You will die here human it knocked him back toward where Sarah laid and drew its sword. The massive alien grabbed him with one hand and ran him through with the other. Roger choked as he drew his dagger and stabbed the Elite in the face. The beasts grip released and Roger fell to the ground next to Sarah. He looked over to her and reached his hand out to her. She reached over and took his hand. They smiled as the final Elite reached the top. It was prepared to shoot the humans, but it saw them lying on the ground and thought better of it, admiring their courage and strength as they passed from the world of the living.

Authors note: I was never a good one at letting my characters die, but when writing with an environment like this it is inevitable. If you liked this one, you'd probably enjoy my other story, Endgame. It's a little bit rough at the beginning, but I think you'd enjoy it.

Thanks for reading!

End
file.